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THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1910.

Prices and the Farms.

It is a note of alarm for the welfare
of the country that is sounded by Mr.
W. C. Brown, the president of the New
York Central Railroad. The nation, he
declares, faces a crisis because of the
rising cost of living and the dwindling
of agricultural production and exportation.
He forecasts the sailing of the
last cargo of farm products from a
port of the United States, and the future
reliance for subsistence of its people upon
other lands. It must be recognized that
there are present factors that seem to war-
rant this pessimism. But does not econ-
omic law point out the automatic
remedy? Do not higher prices for corn
and pork, grain and beef, beckon labor
from the cities to the farms? No more
effective method could be devised for
sending human energy from the streets
to the fields than the high prices for
food demanded of those who must eat.
The farmer rejoices in prosperity; shall
not others share in his waxing wealth,
especially when pressed by hunger in the
centers of congested population?

As for lessening exports of cereals,
that only shows that the country has
reached a stage of development where it
can consume the products of its soil.
Steadily the production of wheat has
moved westward because it pays better
to use the land of the East for other
purposes. The small yield per acre, as com-
pared with other countries, that the
American farmer gathers, is deplored by
every statistician. But here again enters
the element of cost of production, as
expressed in fertilizer and in labor.
Land must reach a certain value before
there is profit in that form of investment.
Moreover, if the people of the country
consume its farm products, does not their
energy go in compensating measure into
manufactures? Rising prices for lumber
tend to restore the forests. Rising
prices for food products should put more
grips upon the plow handle.

To Which the Greater Glory?

Far be it from us either to point with
pride or view with alarm, in these press-
ing circumstances now engaging our at-
tention; but to whom belongs the greater
glory for Democracy's share in the recent
overthrowing of "Uncle Joe"? Is Mr.
Oscar Underwood the militant man of the
hour? Or is Mr. Champ Clark entitled "to
have the honor to report," to the ex-
clusion of all other heroes?

The Birmingham Age-Herald says:
"Whatever Mr. Underwood may have lacked
in national reputation he secured last week when he
urged the insurgents to join hands with the Demo-
crats in order to bring Mr. Cannon to a true sense
of the situation. The initiative was Mr. Under-
wood's, and when the insurgents had surged sud-
denly strong, Mr. Underwood led the allied force
to victory. The speaker ceased to be an anticrist
by a vote of 19 to 18, and that vote holds good,
and it is conceded it will remain good."

"Mr. Underwood's brilliant victory has made him
a lion at the Capital, and his friends are anticipating
the time when in a Democratic House he will be
made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee,
thus becoming the leader of the majority side of
the chamber."

This sounds reasonable—from Alabama's
proud eminence and lofty point of view.
Mr. Champ Clark, commander-in-chief
of so much of Democracy's aggressive
hosts on the floor of the House as one
can manage to hold together, was techni-
cally in charge of the situation, Mr.
Underwood was his duly accredited repre-
sentative for the moment, to be sure; but
not his successor in power nor the isolated
arbiter of Democracy's fortunes, regard-
less. Chief Clark had caused mines to be
planted here, and torpedoes to be anchored
yonder. Strategic pros and crafty cons
had been considered and settled with
respect to this, that, or the other move-
ment of the enemy. If such and such
a thing transpired, the chief pro tem.
should do so and so; and should such and
such another thing come to pass, the pro
tem, should proceed in this wise. And
so forth, and so on.

Therefore, what? When Victory perched
upon the Democratic banners and Freedom
shrieked the joyful tidings from Wash-
ington to Bowling Green and Mobile Bay,
and even to Danville, Ill., whose tidings
were they—righteously? Mr. Clark's or
Mr. Underwood's? Gadzooks! We dare
not say! We pass the problem along to
that regular depository for trouble,
the Democratic party, and merely venture
to hope that it will add nothing particu-
larly distressing to the fifty-seven vari-
eties of war already burdening the soul of
that long-suffering institution of ancient
and honorable renown.

And yet, Missouri, to think that when
the enemy did leave in sight, Underwood,
of Alabama, was on the bridge and Champ
Clark was Chautauquing so many miles
away!

"It is lawful to draw checks for \$1 or
less," says the Nashville Tennessean.
You are lucky if you never have to draw
them for more, and also lucky if you
are able to.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson aspires to form
a \$50,000,000 tobacco corporation, to be ex-
ploited benignly and exclusively in the
interest of the common people, of course.

Burned children who have no dread of
the fire are particularly solicited to sit
up and take notice.

Public School Needs.

The District committees of the Senate
and House have a difficult problem to deal
with in the matter of public school needs.
Economy is the watchword. A curtail-
ment of the original estimates was abso-
lutely imperative. Some of the more ex-
pensive and ambitious school projects can
undoubtedly wait without serious harm.
But it is already apparent that delays in
other instances will entail positive hard-
ship and in the end result in real financial
loss.

As an illustration in point, the new and
rapidly growing suburb of Park View
offers convincing testimony. Its need of
school facilities is unquestioned. The
board of education asked for an appropri-
ation to purchase a site and erect a
twelve-room building. The Commission-
ers, though appreciating the situation, in
meeting the necessity for curtailment
found it impossible to do more than recom-
mend an appropriation sufficient to
purchase a site. Now the House com-
mittee has acted adversely on this recom-
mendation, and if the Senate committee
shortsightedly concurs, Park View will
not only continue to be denied proper
school facilities, but the District will ulti-
mately suffer financially by the enhance-
ment in the value of available sites.

It is the hardship upon some 400 chil-
dren, however, who must meanwhile at-
tend crowded schools squares away, that
is of pressing concern. While still prac-
ticing economy, Congress should deal with
this and kindred situations in a just and
practical way.
Surely the great Capital City cannot
afford to neglect its public school needs.

Miss de Janon's Sad Story.

Roberta Buist de Janon, in explaining
the strange escapade of her flight with a
hotel waiter, tells a simple story full of
pathos. No one was kind to her in the
way she wanted. She seldom saw her
father. Her grandfather gave her money
when she asked for it, and paid her bills.
"They meant to be kind, but they were
not. They robbed me of my youth, they
did. I have not had any youth like
other girls. It has all been shut up in
schools and hotels. I wanted something
else."

And so she ran away—fled from a
life of luxury, with the dog that she
loved, and in company with the only
human being who, since her mother's
death, had shown her the kindness she
craved.

She was resolved upon a different
life, even if it involved poverty and
hardship. She contemplated vaguely
going on the stage, or equipping herself
to earn a living by the study of type-
writing—anything to escape the monoton-
ous, meaningless, shut-in life of the
luxurious hotel, or the restraint of the
fashionable boarding school. Of course,
it was only a dream, followed by a rude
awakening; and she returned willingly
enough to her grandfather's keep-
ing, humiliated, yet unrepentant, and
still pleading for kindness and sympathy,
which every contented soul must have.
The story of this seventeen-year-old
girl is infinitely sad. What she was
really reaching for, seeking with all her
heart, and seeking in vain, was something
to take the place of a mother's love—the
sympathy and understanding and kind-
ness that only a mother's love can give,
and the home that only a loving and
devoted mother can supply.

A charitable world may well forget
Roberta de Janon's escapade, and wish
for her the youth and kindness and happi-
ness that every girl should have.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says Mr.
Pinchot has proved himself guilty of the
unpardonable crime of honesty. "Our
contemporary surely has mixed its ad-
jectives; perhaps it meant 'unprofitable' or
'unpopular.'"

"Well, suppose Mr. Roosevelt were still
President. Would there be no row in
Washington?" inquires the Springfield Re-
publican. There were a few rows in
Washington when Mr. Roosevelt was
President.

At this distance, it looks not unlike an
even break between the point-with-
riders and the view-with-alarmers in
England.

Like the true conservationist he is,
ex-Forester Pinchot refuses to saw wood.

Standpatter, as usual, "Uncle Joe"
serves notice on his enemies that he will
not budge unless he is irresistibly
pushed.

Already the Atlanta Journal refers to
the late mayor of New York as "Mr.
McFelland." And such is the fickleness
of fame.

A New York judge has decided that a
wife has no right to open her husband's
pocketbook without his permission. This
will affirm the average husband's
opinion, but probably will not change the
existing status of things, nevertheless.

Gen. Rufus N. Rhodes, editor of the
Birmingham News, died the other day;
thus further attenuating the ranks of
those American editors given to saying
exactly what they think without regard
to consequence.

The governor of Georgia is said to have
received several applications for "ap-
pointment" to succeed the late James
Mathews Griggs in Congress. What
some would-be Congressmen do not know
is not so much less than what some new
Congressmen also do not know, however.

If it were a four-ring circus, Halley's
comet could hardly be more extensively
advertised, and that, further, ahead of its
appearance.

The walter in the case sees no earthly
reason why he was not righteously en-
titled to the heft. This opinion is not an
unnatural evolution of the tip system.

Conservation is vexation, and disputing
drives us mad!

"The Campfire Club has voted a medal
to Mr. Pinchot," says the Rochester
Herald. So long as the aldermen of New
York can be held off from tendering him
the freedom of the city, however, he need
not worry excessively about matters of
that kind.

"There is to go a conspiracy in this
country to overthrow Mr. Roosevelt be-
fore he gets back," says the Dayton News.

There is a mighty fine old motto that
should be referred to the conspirators, and
it reads like this: "Never trouble trou-
ble 'til trouble troubles you."

"The Duke of the Abruzzi is coming to
America to deliver four lectures," says
the Detroit News. It had never occurred
to us that his royal highness would seek
that particular safety valve for trouble.

The honest old farmer who puts the
biggest apples in the top of the basket
is still in existence, only he keeps the
biggest apples at home nowadays for
his own use and benefit.

Edward Sheldon says nobody can write
a good comedy until he is forty years of
age, at least. Mr. George Cohan—how-
ever, perhaps his comedies should be
classed "paying" rather than "good."

The esteemed Savannah News is wres-
tling with the recent reported early-
retirement of Secretary-Wilson. The
News will have to hurry, for the
present rumor probably will be called in
soon in order to make way for the next
one.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

The President's Necessity.

From the Charleston News and Courier.
Mr. Taft dismissed Mr. Pinchot from office be-
cause, as everybody admits, he could not keep him
in office.

Mr. Taft for Conservation.

From the Boston Herald.
President Taft has shown his essential sympathy
with Mr. Pinchot's cause in the selection of Pin-
chot's successor.

Mr. Knox and Japan.

From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.
Mr. Knox has shown his delight over
the proposition of Secretary Knox to neutralize the
Manchurian railway system.

Mr. Watson's Challenge.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
Tom Watson has challenged William Jennings
Bryan to a debate on the question of foreign mis-
sions. Can Watson be convinced that he is wrong
in supposing the public will not be happy unless he
and Bryan are debating about something?

Mr. Graves' Appointment.

From the New York Evening Post.
In appointing Mr. Graves, director of the Yale
Forestry School, as chief forester in succession to
Mr. Pinchot, President Taft has shown a strong dis-
position to keep that branch of the public service up
to its previous level of intelligence and efficiency.

Mr. Cannon Impervious.

From the Boston Herald.
There comes a suggestion from some unknown
quarter that Uncle Joe be thrown overboard, and
gentle hints are advanced that he should announce
his retirement at the close of his present term of
office. But Uncle Joe refuses to take the hint.

Mr. Hill and Farmers.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
There is a rumor that Mr. Hill is
preaching the doctrine of the coming food famine
will not be preached in vain if they arouse the
agricultural interests of the country to a tardy
realization of their wasted opportunities and waste-
ful methods.

Mr. Root's Promise.

From the Springfield Republican.
It is now time for Senator Elihu Root, of New
York, to come forward in redemption of his promise
to advocate the ratification of the Federal income
tax amendment by the legislature of his State.
This promise was made in the United States Senate
on July 1 last.

Mr. Pinchot's Value.

From the New York Sun.
But if Pinchot, the witless, the imbecile,
the self-sufficient, is really indispensable in the
enforcement of an honest policy regarding the coun-
try's public domain and natural resources, his life
ought to be insured at the expense of the United
States government for about three billion dollars.

A Hit for Every Head.

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BY YE LOCAL SCRIBE.

Believe me I am still Atlantic Citying.

Will Couch is a plain-dealing
splendid fellow.

Sam Blythe is out at French Lick
driving extra Dantes.

Old William Hart Pennsylvania
Avaloned yesterday afternoon.

Harry Wardman shook hands
with 300 friends Tuesday night.

Wonder who Dr. Ramsey and Dr.
B. Daniel did not run for District
Commissioners?

Will E. Shannon is still an earnest
advocate of picket fences for the
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Having escaped the call, Dr. J.
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Prof. John Gross, the well-known
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clares that under no circumstances
will he become a candidate for the
governorship of Illinois. He says
that he is perfectly satisfied to
wear the gold lace and trappings
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WORKERS IN THE VINEYARD.

(Dedicated to the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce.)

Oh, foolish, foolish workers, who have the heart of the
fool; who fought for principles, only with no thought of election day;
Who dream of a greater city with marks of colossal size;
Pray list to an old man's sermon, perchance ye may then get wise.

TEXT: How little ye know, brethren, of the value of not air.

To those who labor through the days
Is due, you think, some meet of praise;
But strange to say, this is not so,
Unless their hearts they truly know.

Ah, no! to praise, preference, and place
Is given to jaguars in the race,
Who with hot coals call the crowd
And by their claws claim the reward.

Who finish days of their school days
Well wits. The best of the best of tools
To carve your mighty deeds and name
Upon the moss-grown walls of fame.

But ye poor workers, who have no hint,
And toiled industrious to the point,
But now, get wise and take your ease,
Let others labor, if they please.

Just buttonhole your neighbor man
And tell him all about YOUR plan.
Hot air his till he's black of face,
Then lead him to the polling place.

Do this next year, your name, I was,
Won't grace the bottom of the list.

E. M. CARTHY.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE SPEED MANIA.

Some tourists spend a week in Rome;
Some cannot finish it so soon.
You'll see that we were going some;
We did it in an afternoon.

From Rome we straight to Venice went;
Our schedule was planned with care.
We had no time to waste and spent
Exactly forty minutes there.

We saw the Russians and the Scotch.
No matter what the place or climate,
We just let out an extra notch,
And finished it ahead of time.

We fairly flew across the map.
And when we caught the boat for home,
We found that we had gained a lap.
I reckon that was going some.

Evidently.

"He declines the ambassadorship."

"Why, he's a rich man."

"Yes; but he evidently wants to hold
on to some of his money."

By a Referee.

"There has been another battle."

"So I see."

"Are these South American revolutions
very dreadful?"

"Not so very. Most of the victories are
awarded on points."

The Only One.

I guess that Adam, lucky wight,
About the better men Eve might
Have married.

The Easy Part.

"I think I'll write a comic opera—some-
thing different from the hackneyed run."

"What are you going to put in it?"

"I dunno. But I've thought of a lot of
fine things to leave out."

The Brute.

"I think I'll sue for divorce on the
grounds of extreme cruelty."

"What has your husband done?"

"Why, he wants me to wear my horse-
show gown to the automobile exhibit."

Getting the Money.

"My latest effort is a society play. The
villainess marries the hero for his money."

"But society plays are going out."

"Then I'll make a melodrama of it, and
have her hit him with a piece of lead
pipe."

Johnny Was No Bonehead.

From the St. Louis Star.
The class in physiology was being
called on.

"Remember, children," said the teach-
er, "there are no bones in the stomach."

Johnny Smith's hand went up.

"If you please, teacher, my baby brother
has one in his. He swallowed a dollar
yesterday."

Their Finish.

From the Kansas City Times.
"What has become of the anti-trust
fanatics who agreed not to cut their hair
until Bryan was President?"

"The barbers cut the Sherman anti-trust
law on 'em for forming a combination in
restraint of trade."

Ancient!

Gunner—Some of the musical comedies
on the road these days are back num-
bers.

Guyver—I call them "problem plays."

Gunner—What in the Deuce is the prob-
lem?

Guyver—Why, to discover which is the
older—the chorus girls or the jokes.

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TODAY IN HISTORY

First Locomotive for Actual Use—January 15.

Upon this day in 1825 was successfully
demonstrated the practicability of using
the locomotive on the road in America.

During the year previous Peter Cooper,
the eminent New York philanthropist,
constructed his famous locomotive en-
gine called the "Tom Thumb," which
was tried on the Baltimore and Ohio
Railroad, but it was too small to be of
much service. However, when the "Best
Friend" was turned out at the West
Point foundry, N. Y., in 1825, it was
found to meet all requirements of those
days.

The vast network of railroads that
now cover the United States had its be-
ginning at this time. John Stevens, an
inventive genius of the highest order,
who had done almost, if not fully, as
much as Robert Fulton for the steam
boat, was now the chief advocate of
steam railroads.